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The Sketch

MAYTIME

MAY 24, 1950

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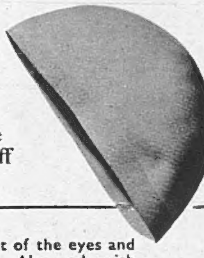

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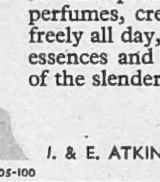

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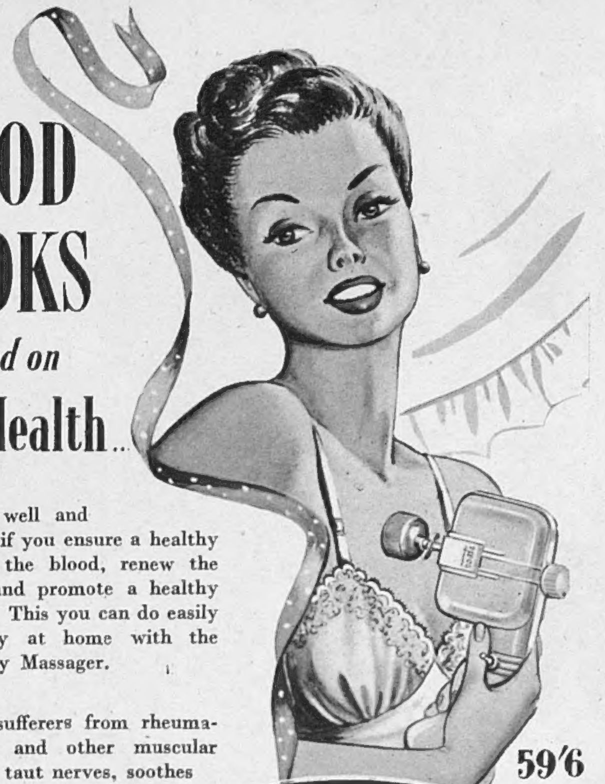

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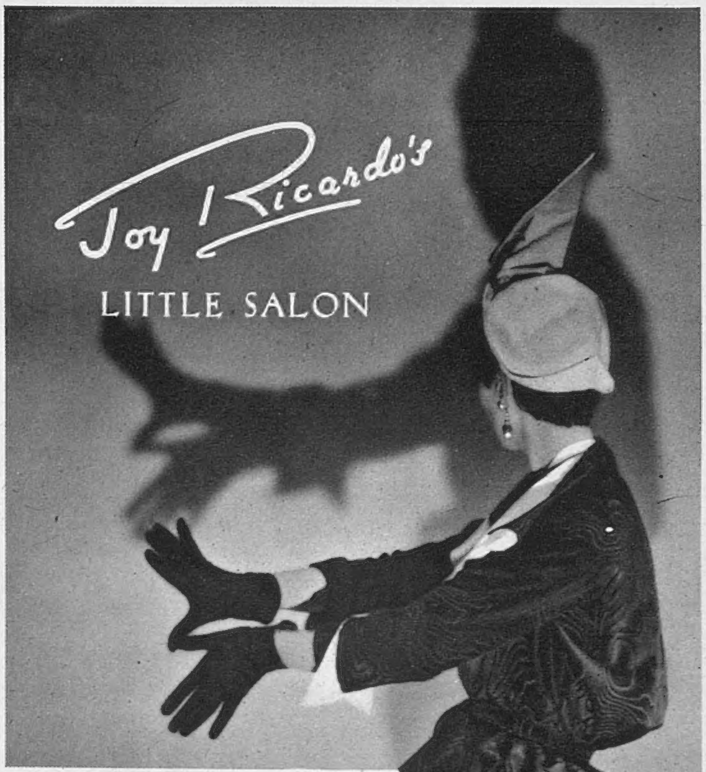

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The Sketch

"THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH . . ."

. . . when debs. become quick-change artists.

No. 2756. Vol. CCXII. Wednesday, May 24, 1950.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Michie.

Photographed by Ian Gilchrist.

Known to sailors as Cove "Black" Buoy, for generations this buoy has marked Baron's Point off Cove, at the entrance to Loch Long.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

THIS, as you will observe by looking at the cover of *The Sketch*, is the 24th of May. It is a very important date because it is Empire Day—or should we say Commonwealth, Empire and Associate Republics Day ?

In Canada, where I spent the early years of my life, we had a holiday from school on this date, not because of the Empire, but because it was Queen Victoria's birthday ; and we took the little Queen very seriously. To make certain that the authorities would not forget the significance of the occasion, we used to chant this chorus :

Twenty-fourth of May,
The Queen's Birthday :
If you don't give us a holiday,
We'll all run away !

Thus did we combine patriotism with astuteness, and hied us to the creek or the woods or to such havens of escape as suggested themselves to us. But we were deeply devoted to the Queen, and when she died my mother wept copious tears. So did the five of us children ; but grief, like happiness, is born of complex origins, and therefore our youthful tears were not wholly divorced from the cancellation of a holiday picnic on Toronto Island.

But (if I may be personal for a moment longer) this association of the 24th with significant events did not leave me even after taking root in England. On the 24th of May, 1931, my son was born, and my greyhound *Empire Crusader* won a race at the White City. *Empire Crusader* was a well-bred dog but, like some other well-bred creatures, he was foolish as well as fast. Eventually we had to give him away to a kind family in the country.

There is nothing in history more colourful than the haphazard creation of the British Empire, nothing more stirring or dramatic. Yet in all the schools the story is told in dull, uninspired form. Our youthful minds in Canada were crammed with the reigns of the English kings. We emerged eventually with the knowledge that William beat Harold at Hastings in 1066, that Richard I. was fond of foreign travel, that Elizabeth was a Virgin Queen, that Charles I. lost his head once and that Charles II. lost his frequently, that Queen Anne had nineteen children, and that Wellington won the Battle of Waterloo.

BUT if you asked any of us, even the little shrimp with the glasses who always came first in history exams, how or why Canada had become a self-governing nation, none of us could have answered. Nor is there any reason to suppose that our successors to-day could do any better.

One of the drawbacks of the Empire is that it has produced such terrible oratory. Put up any reasonably coherent politician to make a speech on the Empire and his brain almost

ceases to function. "We are all proud," he says, "of our kinsmen in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and . . . and (Dammit! Is Newfoundland still a Dominion?) and the Colonies, where the white man is still looked upon as a white man. (Except in parts of Malaya, I suppose.) The Empaw stands together in peace and war. One of my best friends is an Australian. Your Excellencies, Milords, High Commissioners and gentlemen, I ask you to be upstanding and drink a toast to the British Empaw and . . . and the Commonwealth."

Yet the story of how this strange island race of poets and adventurers burst its bonds and, without plan or design, founded this sprawling community of nations across the seas, is one of the most exciting things in the whole literature of human achievement. What a pity that our politicians, poets and professors cannot rise to it!

WHILE on the subject of oratory, I wonder if the Government should set up a select committee to enquire into the condition of British after-dinner speaking. I do not want to burst the seams of probability, but I think that public speaking is growing worse.

Throughout dinner Sir Roger Busfuz takes surreptitious glances at his typed manuscript. He has already made Lady Busfuz listen to it, and has rehearsed it at night in his bedroom and even in his bath. Yet Busfuz is not a bad fellow, and is no greater a bore at his club than most of the others, but his brain atrophies when he prepares his speech. He fairly licks his chops as one cliché follows another, and he shakes with merriment at the story of the Englishman, Irishman and Scotsman which he is going to hurl like a suet-pudding at his listeners.

Halfway through his speech he is a little disturbed that no one is listening, a fact that is emphasised by the agitation of the Toastmaster, but he does not and cannot cut it short. So the speech goes on to its dreary end, when the diners are so pleased at his stopping that they give him a warm round of applause. That, of course, is a tactical mistake. The applause goes to his head and by the time he gets home and describes the event to his wife, he can hardly wait for the next banquet.

Now Busfuz is a sensible fellow. He would not think of singing the Flower Song from *Carmen*, of dancing a *pas seul*, or doing conjuring tricks on the stage. Yet he is just as qualified to do all three as he is to make a speech. Public speaking is an art which demands a ruthless technique. Sir Laurence Olivier would tell you that a speech on the stage lasting three minutes is dangerous, and that four minutes would court disaster, despite the fact that the words may be brilliant and the actor first-rate. Yet Busfuz thinks he can hold an audience for twenty-five minutes.

Perhaps the remedy would be to adopt the American Congress system, where an M.P. starts a speech, then hands the manuscript to the clerk at the table, and it appears next day in the Congressional Record as having been delivered. Just think of the enthusiasm at a public dinner as Sir Roger handed his manuscript to the chairman and then sat down.

BEFORE we leave this important subject, there is one more affliction that should be considered by the committee of enquiry into the decline of public speaking. I refer to the reading of telegrams from absentees.

"Milords and gentlemen," says the chairman, "I have a telegram of regret from General Critchley. (Applause.) Good old Critch! (Hear, hear!) And here's one from Brendan Bracken. (Loud applause.) He is sorry he couldn't come. (Very loud applause.) And here's one you will all be glad to hear. It's from the Editor of *The Sketch*. (Hurrah!) He can't get away. (Cheers.) And now here is a telegram, my lords and gentlemen, which I know will give you as much pleasure, and if I may say so, as much pride as it does me. It reads: 'I cannot come to your dinner'."

With beaming eyes the chairman pauses. This is his great moment and he knows it. He holds up the telegram with a tantalising delay and then says: "It is signed 'Winston Churchill'."

Pandemonium! The diners bang the table, slap each other's backs, raise their glasses, and grow red in the face with delight. Good old Winnie! He couldn't come, either. In the meantime the Lord Chief Justice, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, who have turned up, are left completely unnoticed.

Well, I guess that is about enough. At any rate, I feel better for having got or gotten it off my chest.

THE visit of ex-King Carol and his wife to London early this month was like a satirical epilogue to an Ivor Novello musical comedy. He had come to commune with fellow philatelists, and during the visit the attractive Madame Lupescu fell downstairs.

My mind went back to June 1938, when I visited Bucharest and had an audience with the King. I wrote at the time: "When the moon shines on Bucharest and the gipsy orchestras play in the open-air cafés there is romance in the air. When the lightning strikes and the thunder echoes in the distant mountains of Sinaia, there is fear in Bucharest." As it was then, so it is to-day.

King Carol's palace was as white, clean and modern as a super-clinic in a Hollywood film. There were fine paintings on the wall, for Carol has an eye for beauty as well as for value. The attendants were in white uniforms as spotless as the shining floors. The King himself was in a white uniform, for in June the days are warm in Bucharest.

A week earlier he had abolished Parliament and sentenced Codreanu, with the other leaders of the pro-Nazi Iron Guard, to ten years' imprisonment. It was not until some months later that they died in a mass assassination.

A king is a king, and I found myself keenly interested in Carol as he received me in his study. His was a puzzling yet attractive personality, vital, friendly, certainly not without dignity. It was only when his eyes would suddenly gleam that one suspected that he was not completely rational.

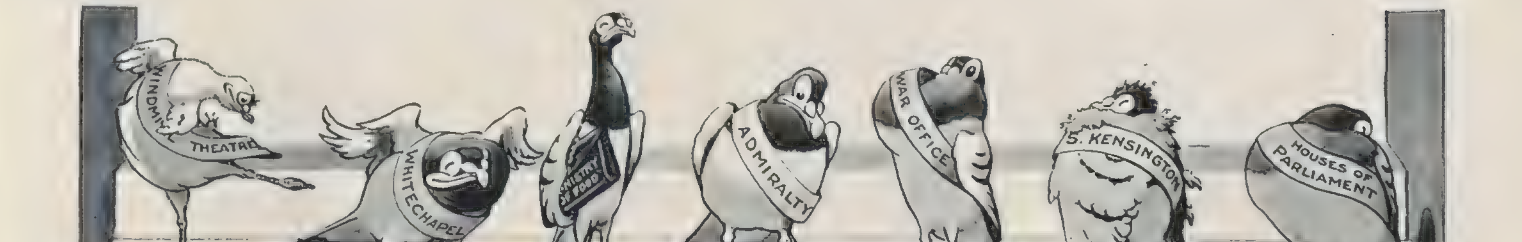
As you know, it is the King who begins a conversation, but I was hardly prepared for his opening remark. "How is Harold Nicolson?" he asked in English, but with a guttural accent. I told him that as far as I knew Harold was quite well. Then I asked him if the sentencing of Codreanu was a popular move.

"Not popular," he answered, "and not unpopular. The fellow is no good. He is not even second-rate. He is a wretched creature, and prison is the place for him."

Every five minutes his telephone rang and he said something in Rumanian. When it rang for the sixth time he rose. "My next visitor is here," he said. Not a bad device that for getting rid of people. But at least I lasted until the sixth five-minute signal.

I wonder if the gipsy bands play in the open-air cafés these nights in Bucharest? Who occupies the grim, prisoner-of-Zenda winter palace at Sinaia? And are the Rumanians still as delightfully unpunctual, or has Communism altered all that? And does the moon spread its silver magic on the scene, or has it, too, gone red?

Beverley Baxter



MAYTIME PARADE OF LONDON PIGEONS

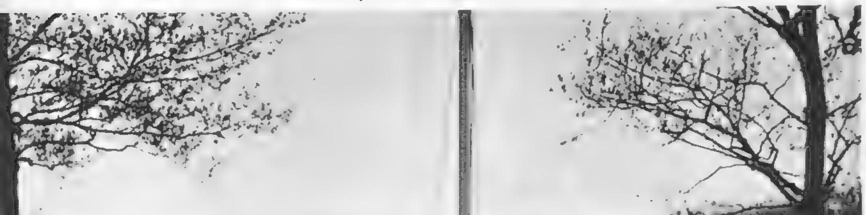
Sea Rangers at work—Eileen and Margaret Campbell (of Helensburgh and Rhu) bail out the Sea Ranger ship *Monarch* until they can find the bung, as a first effort in fitting her out for the coming season on the Gareloch, Dumbartonshire (see page 469). She 's an 18-ft. lifeboat ; and has been laid up at Rhu during the winter, and uncovered for some time.

Bustle at Bardowie. This boat has just had her mast stepped, and now her rigging is being set up by (l. to r.) William Carlaw, David Bell, Ian Baird, and Andrew Stanger.

Accent on Youth

MORE SAILING

"ALL I ask is a tall ship . . ." applies to young amateurs in Scotland just as strongly as it does in England, and here—following on our earlier issue—are more pictures showing the young hard at it fitting-out, this time over the Border. The Clyde Cruising Club has for its "nursery slopes" a fleet of nine 13-ft. and two 12-ft. centre-board sailing dinghies on Bardowie Loch—a small fresh-water loch about 6 miles from Glasgow. Here the younger members do their own fitting-out, under the guidance of their "captain," Mr. Jack Harris, and they are seen on the job a week before their opening regatta. We might add that the Club's facilities afford older members a pleasing substitute for the "real thing" in Bardowie Loch, when they can't leave the city long enough to sail on the Firth of Clyde. *Vanti*, owned by Mr. H. A. Rose, of Glasgow, and also featured here, sails from Cove, on Loch Long.



With the Clyde Cruising Club on Bardowie Loch—where members of the Dinghy Section learn and practise the arts of seamanship, boat-work and dinghy-racing. Here 's the first boat ready—and in she goes.

Vanti again. Billy (left), one of *Vanti*'s regular crew, is learning from her owner how to wire up the rigging screws to prevent their turning involuntarily and thus slackening the rigging.

Vanti is one of the Clyde's popular Loch Long class One-design sloops, owned by Mr. H. A. Rose, of Glasgow. Here two young helpers are at work on the job of fitting-out, while the sloop awaits the tide at Cove, on Loch Long-side. Joyce takes a hand at locking the starboard shroud screw.

Here is a good view at Cove, on Loch Long, of *Vanti*, Mr. H. A. Rose's sloop, showing her lines and one of his able and willing young helpers busy on deck,

These are five of the nine modern hard-chine 13-footers, belonging to the Clyde Cruising Club, lined up at the lochside for finishing touches. Shirley Mathieson (left) and Margaret Knight are giving the nearest boat another coat of deck paint.

THE ARRIVAL

THE DÉBUTANTES' BIRTHDAY BALL

IN shimmering white—lace, silk, brocade, satin—the year's débutantes "came out" at their annual Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House last Thursday. A brilliant décor for the girls to make their début, and financial benefit for medical research. Down the wide staircase they rustled, a sparkling procession of youth, and later the 200 Maids-of-Honour ranged themselves round the huge cake, glittering with candles, while Lady Hamond-Graeme, President of the Ball, performed the traditional cake-cutting ceremony. The idea of this Ball derives from those given by Queen Charlotte in the eighteenth century for her Maids-in-Waiting.

Among those who accepted invitations were Miss Anne Abel Smith, daughter of Lady May Abel Smith ; Lady Bridgeman's daughter, the Hon. Anne Bridgeman ; Lady Anne Keppel, daughter of Lady Albemarle ; Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, daughter of Lady Lindsay.

FINISHING TOUCHES

LADY HAMOND-GRAEME CUT THE CAKE AND THE MAIDS-OF-HONOUR CARRIED IT AWAY

WE HOPE TO HEAR OF . . .

Tiger Cubs Who May Face Fame

ON the hunt for famous names of to-morrow in Britain's sporting hierarchy, we asked four experts—Henry Longhurst, well-known golf commentator; Dan Maskell, renowned Wimbledon coach; Harry Koskie, chief swimming adviser to the Amateur Swimming Association on Olympic Games preparation; and a famous cricketer who for good reasons remains anonymous—to name for us some youthful aspirants typical of the rising generation who may lead this country in the national and international fields. Here they are, with details and some comments by the experts.

(Left.) **Paddy Hine,** 17, already Hants and I.O.W. golf champion; won Brabazon Trophy at Stoneham, Southampton, with remarkable score of 74, 70, 72, 71—287. Says Longhurst: "A thin, fresh-faced boy, lanky and unsubstantial, he played with the assurance of a veteran. . . . If he fills out he may be a great golfer."

(Right.) **Pamela Davies,** of Coventry, is a tall, strong, attractive girl of 19; she won last year's Girls' Golf Championship. "She has a fine, easy, upright swing," says Longhurst, "and may have a notable future if her career (orthoptics) allows of it."

(Right.) **Ray Legg,** of Bristol, is one of the most promising of our youthful swimmers, according to Harry Koskie. "Blessed with excellent physique, he swims a powerful crawl stroke. Is well-blooded in international competitive swimming. . . . With careful training I expect him to be a spearhead in our 1952 Olympic team."

(Left.) **Margare McDowell,** of Kilma nock, aged 13, is de scribed by Koskie a among the best of ou junior swimmers. . . She represented Scot land in the Inter-count swimming contest i 1949. . . . Has a coo head, excellent balance a compact and effectiv stroke. "I confidentl expect her," he adds "to be among our to potentials for 1952."

(Left.) **Donald Carr,** 23, of Bridge, Kent; Oxford Blue, 1949, Captain, 1950. Played for England in a Victory Test, 1945. Is, first, a batsman—right-handed—bowls with his left; specialises in the "Chinaman."

(Right.) **Colin Cowdrey,** 17, mainly batsman, but also good slow bowler; fields in the slips. Is captain of Tonbridge XI. Scores quickly and freely; wide variety of strokes.

(Below.) **Peter May,** of Reading (Charterhouse and Pembroke Coll., Cambridge), has Soccer Blue; should get his cricket Blue this summer. Strong batsman.

(Right.) **Susan Partridge,** 19 ; Staffordshire ; won the Junior Championship of Great Britain, 1948, with some sparkling displays. On several occasions since has shown touches of inspiration. If she is ever to reach the top in "big" tennis, says Dan Maskell, it is now essential that she goes through the mill of every form of competitive play. Has wonderful physique, and a good array of strokes, the forehand drive being quite outstanding.

John Horn, Essex ; 18 ; is Junior Champion of Great Britain. The most promising young player in the country. A natural ball-games player with an exceptionally mature match-play sense.

(Right.) **A. G. (Paddy) Roberts,** 20 ; Devon ; won the R.A.F. Championship twice during his recent period of National Service. Was the outstanding player and winner of the 1946 and 1947 Junior Championships of G.B. Tremendously keen, thoughtful player with good strokes and physique. When his attacking game is under control he can play lawn tennis of a very high order.

Lorna Cornell, 17 ; Surrey ; is the present Junior Champion of Great Britain. An exceptional performer in the athletic world, and a good games player. Resourceful, self-reliant ; has that "something" which makes people just win instead of just lose. Already has a good tennis brain and is working hard to improve stroke play.

Candid Cameo

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

By Cyril Butcher

"IN 1943, India was visited by plague, famine, pestilence and Beverley Nichols." This friendly opening gambit of a full-length book in refutation of his *Verdict on India* is one of Beverley Nichols' favourite lines in English literature. He quotes it happily at the slightest provocation.

He is quite used to being torn to shreds by critical pens—especially those wielded by self-promoted intellectuals and the Third Programme boys. If it worries him, he certainly doesn't show it. The fact remains that he "sells"—and very nicely too, thank you. For every snooty critic, he is a household pet to ten thousand faithful readers.

Also, he receives a continual battering from the younger *literati*. "Why do you prostitute your art by indulging in all this cheap journalism?" they howl. The answer, for one thing, is that he is proud to belong to an exciting, hard-working and honourable profession. For another, it might be pointed out that his journalism isn't particularly cheap. It earns him between six and seven thousand pounds a year; which surely is not a bad reason for "indulging" in it.

"I leave posterity to look after itself," he says. "You either win its approval, or you don't. No amount of concentration on Art with a capital 'A' will guarantee it for you. Meanwhile, writing is my profession and I expect it to provide me with a living. The better the living, the more I'm pleased."

He might well be very pleased indeed. He owns a beautiful Georgian house in the Surrey village of Ashtead, with a five-acre garden—the successor to the one he immortalised in *Down the Garden Path*. It is not only his home, but his grand passion. Whether he will ever mould it to his satisfaction, time alone will tell. Meanwhile, never a month passes without some alteration being planned or effected. Walls are pulled down, others erected, mantelpieces installed, wallpaper hung, carpets laid. . . . To any suggestion that this restlessness might be on the whimsical side, he retorts with a certain amount of heat: "Everything my predecessors did to it was wrong. All I'm trying to do is to restore some semblance of its original shape."

Meanwhile—alterations permitting—he surrounds himself with every comfort available to a man of means. He is at once spoiled and bullied by his manservant, Gaskin, who is by way of becoming a social figure in his own right. Whenever Beverley Nichols finds any of his house guests missing, he is pretty sure to run them to earth in Gaskin's sitting-room—filled with sentimental Victoriana—being entertained with the local gossip.

But then, he himself is rather apt to disappear. Even at week-ends, he will firmly shut himself away in the parlour at around nine in the morning, not to reappear until luncheon. He seldom takes a day off, and when he is at work only his secretary and the two cats—One and Four—dare to intrude.

About thirty years ago, while he was at Oxford, a cartoon of him appeared in *The Isis*. It showed him at a desk, carrying on "a hundred activities," simultaneously writing articles, novels, plays and music. A cat was sitting beside him; in the background was a bust of Gladstone (stout Tory now, he founded the Oxford Liberal Club); the rest of the room was filled with flowers. That cartoon would typify him just as well to-day.

One of his most valuable assets is to be able to assume the correct party manner, in whatever social stratum he finds himself. Those who have read his autobiographies, *Twenty-Five* and *All I Could Never Be*, will have learnt something of the "grand" circles in which he has moved from time to time. What is less widely known is that he is just as much of a tramp as a socialite, being capable of making himself very much at home in the nearest pub.

Yes, he might well be very pleased—but he isn't. At the back of his mind there lurks his sternest critic: a small voice that whispers, "You're a failure." The fact that he is a successful journalist, that he is a best-seller, leaves him unimpressed. What worries him is that he has had little success in the theatre and practically none at all as a composer. Also, as an amateur financier, he is somewhat resentful of his unfailing instinct to buy at the top of the market and to sell at the bottom of it. These things spell "Failure" for him.

He will tell you that he achieved nothing during 1949. What he means, of course, is that he turned his back on the stock market and did not write any new music. But it may be worth noting that, apart from about one hundred and fifty newspaper and magazine articles, he produced two books—a serious social study of the American scene, *Uncle Samson*, published this month, and a long children's book, *Mountain of Magic*, which is due to appear in the autumn. Also there is a play, *The Shadow of the Vine*, due for production, and a half-finished farce, *Animal Grab*. This adds up to about half a million words and represents the "nothing" to which he refers.

Not that Beverley Nichols would ever describe himself as a tragic character. However, like most artists, he instinctively senses the race between his impulses and his capacity to express them. *Ars longa, vita brevis est*—that is the mental treadmill of those whose dreams are greater than the time available to achieve them.

Yet it is typical of his contradictory personality that he is also most optimistic in regard to time. The garden at Ashtead is being planned on a long-term basis. He spends most of the winter, covering himself with mud, planting the new trees and shrubs which arrive by the lorry-load. At this time of year it is dangerous to be with him when he is anywhere near a nursery-garden, for he will drag one round it unmercifully. Our book critic, Rupert Croft-Cooke, recently found himself involved in one such expedition. Thoroughly exhausted, he came to a standstill and surveyed a group of baby trees. "Beverley," he said plaintively, "this is just like your garden—nothing but labels fluttering in the breeze."

But time is for ever on a gardener's side. By and by the labels will disappear, seedlings will turn to saplings and grow to strong trees. Borders will flame with colour and lawns will become perfect. . . . In one corner, near the house, is a group of small pines. "One day, when I die," Beverley Nichols says, "I want to hear the wind sighing through them. It is the most peaceful sound on earth."

Well, as the tallest of these pines is barely three feet high, that gives him a year or two yet.

★

Who . . . Me?

LIKE all brilliant caricaturists, Cyril Butcher exhibits his talent more by what he leaves out than by what he puts in. For instance, he leaves out the not unimportant fact that I happen to believe what I write, whether it is a triviality about a Siamese cat or an onslaught on the Hindu religion, and that I write it whether I think it is liable to be popular or whether—as is sometimes the case—it can only touch the heart-strings of three elderly vegetarians at Kew. The most important thing about me is my loathing of cruelty, which I regard not only as the supreme sin but as the *only* sin. If you adopt that philosophy, it involves you in a great many conflicts with contemporary manners and morals, and some of those conflicts are neither comfortable nor economically advantageous. However, that is not the way in which Cyril Butcher's Beverley Nichols ought to talk, so as he has made me so gay and glossy, let's leave me as I am. I should be enchanted to meet me.

Beverley Nichols

BEVERLEY NICHOLS: AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST

Photomontage by ANGUS McBEAN

HAPPY LANDING

RADIANT after her sunny Maltese interlude with her husband Prince Philip, who had returned to the destroyer *Chequers*, Princess Elizabeth flew home in a Viking of the King's Flight to London Airport, where Princess Margaret, with Airport Commandant Sir John d'Albiac, was waiting to welcome her. With her white and black hat ornamented with big daisies, Princess Elizabeth wore a dove-grey swagger-back top-coat, white shoes, bag and gloves, over a dress of pale green and white. Princess Margaret's two-piece was of grey, with a peplum-backed jacket, and accordion-pleated skirt. Her shoes and handbag were of red leather; her gloves grey.

DATE-BOOK
(Our Social Diary)

MAY 2.

(Left.) Christening in the Crypt Chapel, House of Commons, of Julian John Somerset, son of Lord and Lady John Hope. His father is M.P. for Pentland Division of Edinburgh.

MAY 3.

(Right.) Princess Marie Louise present at Holy Trinity, Brompton, for wedding of Anne Maude, daughter of Mr. John Maude, K.C., M.P., and Mrs. Maude, of 5, Dunraven Street, W.1. to Mr. M. Bradstock, son of Major and Mrs. Bradstock, of Yokehurst, South Chailey.

CHRISTENING IN THE CRYPT CHAPEL, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BRADSTOCK — MAUDE WEDDING.

MAY 4.

At Buckingham Palace the King and Queen held their first Presentation Party of the season. Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal were present, and a string band of the Scots Guards and the Central Band of the Royal Air Force played gay selections during the afternoon on the lawn. Fashions in general were said to be Edwardian, but actually they were catholic and in many cases smart and attractive, especially the exotic Indian saris and the Indian jewels worn. In the left-hand picture are Lady Ursula Abbey, and Mrs. John Oram; in centre, the deb. waiting for her car is Lady Anne Coke, daughter of Lord and Lady Leicester; and, right, Miss Jean Price.

AT THEIR MAJESTIES' FIRST PRESENTATION PARTY.

MAY 5.

Jubilee celebrations at Birmingham University included the conferring of honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Among those upon whom Mr. Anthony Eden—as Chancellor of the University—conferred degrees in the great hall, Edgbaston, was (see picture) H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, herself Chancellor of the new University College of Jamaica, which she recently visited. Others thus honoured were the American Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Douglas, Sir Barry Jackson and Mr. Francis Brett Young, the novelist. At the jubilee dinner which followed, the Princess made a speech excellent in its clarity; and Mr. Eden, thoroughly enjoying himself and wearing a rakish tasseled cap, enlarged on the development of the power of intellectual curiosity, reason, analysis and conclusion—a sure road, he said, to the land of creative thought and action.

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS, BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

ILIFF — PICKTHORN WEDDING.

PILGRIM SOCIETY'S DINNER.

May 6.
(Left.) Married at St. Margaret's, Westminster: Mr. Neil A. Iliff, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Iliff, of 3, Macartney House, Greenwich, to Miss Ann Pickthorn, daughter of Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn, M.P., of 3, Selwyn Gardens, Cambridge.

May 10.
(Right.) Anglo-American entente at Savoy: Pilgrim Society's dinner in honour of U.S. Secretary of State Mr. Dean Acheson (left); (centre) Sir Campbell Stuart, Vice-President; Mr. Lewis Douglas, U.S. Ambassador.

SECOND ROYAL PRESENTATION PARTY.

May 10.
Royal weather for the second of the Royal Presentation Parties. Hot sun, and summer seemed in the offing. Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family were present with the King and Queen. To-day, patterned silks, crêpes, came out happily in dresses or two-piece ensembles. Little close-fitting hats were practical, as those who wore the handsome big cartwheels were hard put to it to keep them on, with the wind blowing in light cross-currents from every point of the compass. In the pictures, left: the Misses Diana and Annette Massie, from Australia; centre, Miss Dina Oldham, from Cheshire; and right, Lt.-Col. Hope-Thomson and Mrs. Hope-Thomson.

THIRD PRESENTATION PARTY.

May 11.
Their Majesties' third Presentation Party was the brightest of all. Buckingham Palace surrounded by gay red tulips which had just reached perfection, and the gardens lovely. Princess Margaret present again, and H.M. Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard were on duty. A special occasion, for to-day is the thirteenth anniversary of the Coronation of the King and Queen. Here are some of their guests at the party to-day: left (l. to r.) Miss Jane Drummond-Hay, Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and Miss Diana Douglas-Hamilton. Right (arriving): Mrs. Desmond Massey-Beresford, Mrs. Tristram Massey-Beresford and Miss Patricia Massey-Beresford.

BOOK

May 12.
Second day of the Royal Windsor Horse Show in the Home Park, with the Castle standing grandly in the background. A great array of first-rate horseflesh displayed, and riders in the sun. Look at the left-hand picture for Mrs. Selwyn Butcher, riding her Liberty Light, which remains supreme in the hack class. On right: Miss R. James exhibiting her pony Oakwell, winner of the Novice Hackney Pony event. About 12,000 people attended this very popular show.

ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW, SECOND DAY.

May 12.
Here, too, at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, was the Duchess of Kent, with Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael, both keenly competing; and the Princess handed out rosettes to winning babies—some as young as two-and-a-half. The Duke of Kent was there too, but not riding. Foreign Military Attachés were conducted by the Earl of Athlone round the ranks of the Household Cavalry musical ride before they left the ring. This beautifully-conducted event is one of the big attractions of the Show, with the brilliant full-dress, the jingle of the harness, the flying pennants and in fact such controlled pageantry as is now only to be seen, though all too rarely, in England.

ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW.

May 13.
Hurlingham Club had a gala day; the annual meeting coincided with the Lawn Tennis Tournament finals, and the opening of an elegant snack-bar. This innovation proved popular to those in a hurry; the dining-room for those with more time on their hands. Many new improvements are envisaged for the coming season. Results of the Tennis Tournament finals: Miss D. Head (U.S.A.) beat Mrs. Weiss (Argentine); and C. Spychala (Poland) beat P. Molloy (Australia). On left, Mr. W. Charles Norton, the Club's chairman, with Sir Charles Doughty, the Tournament chairman, christened the new bar; and right, the snack-bar in all its glory. The Club Ball takes place July 14, with grounds illuminated and firework display.

AT HURLINGHAM.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-BOOK
(Abroad)

TO SEE THE POPE : GENERAL FRANCO'S FAMILY.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR MARRIED.

MAY 5.

(Left.) **Rome.** *At the Vatican, in mediæval, Papal ceremony, Señora Carmen Franco (right), wife of Spain's "Caudillo," with her newly-wed daughter and son-in-law, the Marques and Marquesa de Villaverde, were received in audience by Pope Pius XII.*

MAY 5.

(Right.) **Beverly Hills, Cal.** *In the candle-lighted Church of the Good Shepherd, actress Elizabeth Taylor married Mr. Conrad J. Hilton, Jr. Bride's beauty breath-taking. 700 celebrity-guests and 7000 "fans" crowded to see her.*

SADLER'S WELLS DANCERS IN MILAN.

DINING MR. DEAN ACHESON.

MAY 5.

(Left.) **Milan.** *Universally-fêted Sadler's Wells dancers Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, Pamela May, driven by Count Zeno Vinci, relaxed after their Sleeping Princess success at the Scala ; toured the set of the new Italian film, The Miracle of Milan, being made by producer Vittorio de Sica.*

MAY 8.

(Right.) **Paris.** *In the picture Mme. Bidault (right), wife of France's Premier, and Mrs. Acheson, wife of the U.S. Secretary of State, popular Mr. Dean Acheson, were taking coffee at the Hotel Matignon after a diplomatic dinner given by M. and Mme. Bidault in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Acheson.*

WEDDING OF PRINCESS FATIMA OF PERSIA.

MAY 10.

Paris. *At the Persian Embassy—following civil ceremony in Italy last month—Princess Fatima Pahlevi, sister of Persia's Shah, married Mr. Vincent Lee Hillyer, of California, according to the Moslem rites. H.H. the Aga Khan (left), spiritual head of the Ismaili Moslems, flew from Nice with the Begum to be witness for the Princess. The ceremony was performed by the Imam Shirazi of the Paris Mosque. The groom, whose parents came over from the U.S.A. to be present, became a Moslem a week before the wedding ; will in future be known as Ben Ali Vincent Lee Hillyer. The groom's present, or "dowry," to the bride included lovely pair of star-shaped earrings in diamonds and platinum, which she's wearing in the picture. Her wedding gown : brocaded white satin, with a long tulle veil. They are spending their second honeymoon at Cannes.*

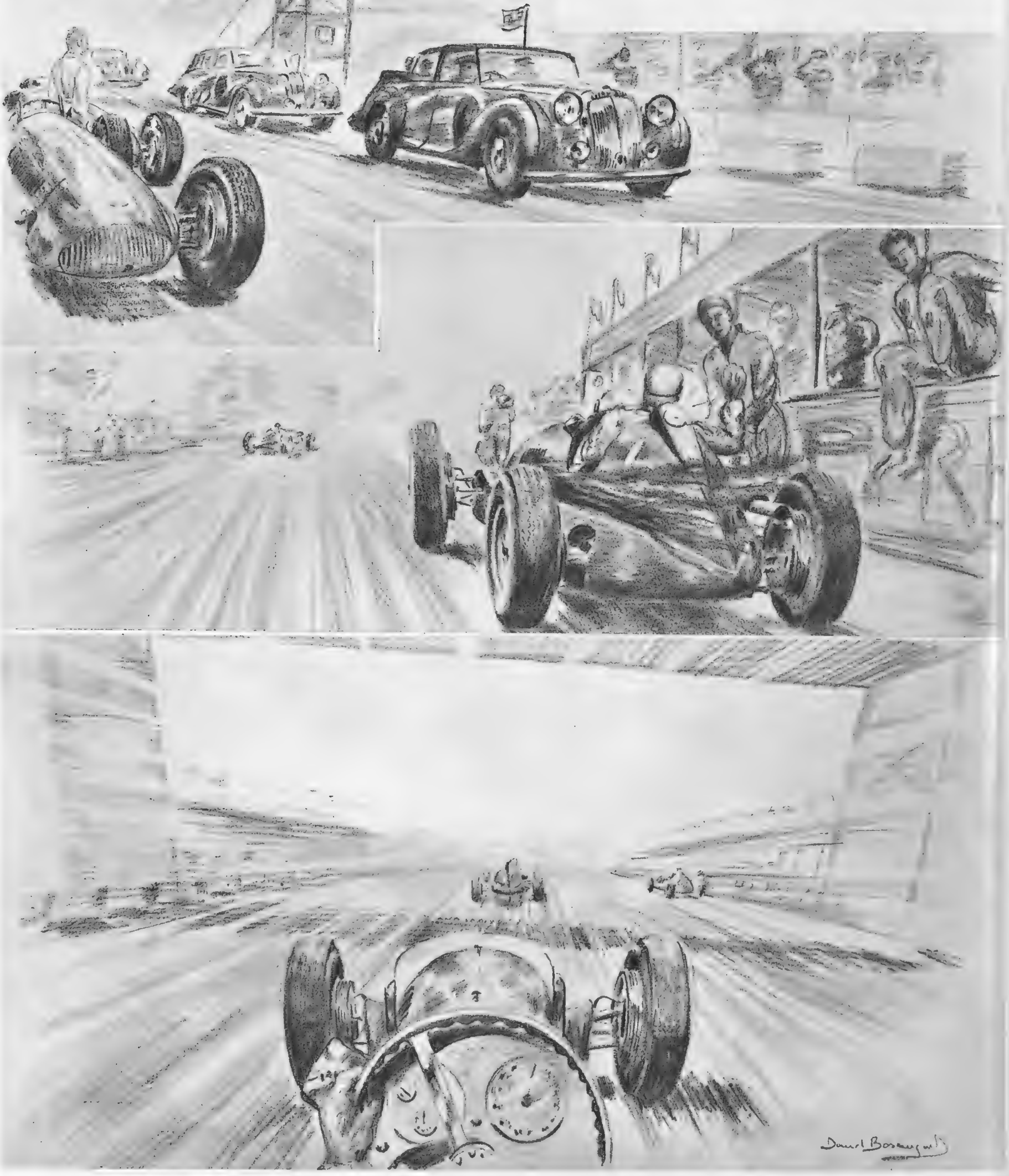
PRINCESS MARGARET

ON behalf of the dancers, her Royal Highness, President of the Sadler's Wells foundation, presented Miss Ninette de Valois with a beautiful old Dutch silver tray when she attended a gala performance at Sadler's Wells to commemorate the twenty-first birthday of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Miss de Valois herself appeared in her original rôle in Frederick Ashton's *A Wedding Bouquet*, and had a great ovation. The Princess was in a pale-blue dress scattered with multi-coloured sequins, topped with a pink lace fichu. Her jewellery : diamond necklace and ear-rings. *Below* : at the Silverstone circuit, H.R.H. went with their Majesties to see the first Grand Prix d'Europe ; is seen shaking hands with racing-car drivers (r. to l.): Peter Collins, Stirling Moss and Wing Commander Aitken, winner of the 500 c.c.

OUTDOOR AND . . .

(Outlined for "The Sketch" by David Bosanquet)

THE KING and Queen (top sketch), with Princess Margaret, made a circuit of the Silverstone race-track before the start of the first Grand Prix d'Europe to be raced in England. Racing cars are drawn up outside the pits. The type seen is the Alta, the four-cylinder supercharged and only British Formula I. Grand Prix car. *Below:* Fangio, the Argentine (2 Grand Prix this year), brings his Alfa-Romeo into the pit on his 64th lap, to retire with a broken oil-pipe. *Bottom:* Driver's-eye impression of an Alfa-Romeo, as he follows a team-mate up the 100-m.p.h.+ straight past grandstand and pits. Note: the instrument panel bears only the essential instruments.



. . . INDOOR SPORT

(Inlaid for "The Sketch" by Francis Marshall)

THE finals of the Junior Epée Championship were fought out at the London Fencing Club, a barn-like building off Hanover Square. Competitors are harnessed to a wire connected with a drum, causing a buzzer to sound—an electrical device for recording a hit. Round the walls hang foils, portraits of dead-and-gone champions, fifteenth-century engravings on the art of fencing, and a big blackboard with the scores chalked on it. Francis Marshall was also at Kempton, and caught Mr. Churchill (below) and his winning entry.

Mr. Winston Churchill was sketched in the unsaddling enclosure at Kempton Park after his horse *Colonist II.* had won the Victor Wild Stakes.

Above: A typical example of in-fighting at the Junior Epée Championship at the London Fencing Club. *Below (left):* The runner-up (with mask tilted back on head), Mr. Fearnhead. *Below (right):* The winner, Mr. Gentili.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE WORLD MY WILDERNESS.
By Rose Macaulay.
(*Collins ; 8s. 6d.*)

"A NEW novel by Rose Macaulay, after an interval of ten years, is an exciting literary event," say the publishers, truthfully enough. But the excitement only partially survives a reading of *The World My Wilderness.* Many of the qualities we have come to expect from this most talented of novelists are here, and the book has to be finished almost at a sitting because one is beguiled from chapter to chapter by its sheer readability. But its effect is frigid and emasculated compared with that of Miss Macaulay's earlier books, which seemed scarcely able to contain their emotions within the confines of good prose. Moreover, there is something too familiar about the central character—a young barbarian set against the niceties of bourgeois English life, and about the general premise that Bad people are always charming and Good people invariably bores.

Aptly named Barbary is the daughter of an English lawyer whose wife has left him in order to live with an amiable French collaborator. Barbary has been brought up in a seaside villa by her happy-go-lucky, indolent, beautiful mother, and has spent the years of her girlhood running round with the Maquis. She is taken to her father in London and, seeking similar company here, goes underground with the deserters and petty crooks who live in bombed-out buildings. Unsuccessful attempts are made to civilise her, but she escapes from a shooting-box in the Highlands with the contents of her aunt's purse and returns to the ruins near St. Paul's to take up shoplifting in a more serious way. She is pursued by the police in circumstances which would seem to be contrary to all possible police procedure, falls from a building, and is for some time in critical danger. She recovers to return to France with her mother, now somewhat reformed. There are several minor irritations in the book, including a French boy who talks like Hercule Poirot ("'A type very droll,' Raoul commented, with the detachment of his race"), some cheapish humour such as a cockney girl's description of an experimental prison ("There's one room where they have that awful Third Programme on, I suppose that's a punishment cell"), and the most fearsome misspelling and misuse of a Spanish word I can remember reading ("Alpargatars" of French canvas shoes). But, of course, there is the flair, the persuasiveness and the blessed gift of story-telling which make these objections mere quibbles.

★

THE LOST TRAVELLER.
By Antonia White.
(*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 10s. 6d.*)

THIS novel also comes after a break of some years, and is also about a girl in her teens, but there are few other resemblances. Miss White is meticulous and earnest, and if she has not the swinging pace of Miss Macaulay, she has a thoroughness and conscientiousness which put the reader on his mettle.

The story is of Clara Batchelor and of her father and mother. The father is a stick of a schoolmaster who has sacrificed his chances of a headmastership at a Kensington public school by becoming a Catholic. The mother is another of these indolent, self-pitying women whose voices have been heard whining in so many modern novels. Clara herself marches through the events of the book at a steady pace, finally reaching a dilemma over her engagement which has to be resolved by her mother, grown suddenly wise. Some of the minor characters, like a French schoolgirl, a bucolic cousin, a spoilt little boy to whom Clara becomes governess, and an old nurse, are drawn with quite masterly sureness, but the main characters, for me, were photographs rather than portraits, accurate in every detail but lacking that mysterious flash of vitality which only the finest painters achieve, but which brings the picture of life. The whole story is somewhat laboured and pedestrian. I found myself admiring Miss White's skill in dealing with incident and character when I ought to have been asking what would happen next.

★

PRIDE OF PLACE.
By Patience McElwee. (*Faber ; 10s. 6d.*)

WHILE we are among schoolchildren and adolescents, let's consider this novel, which has an English public-school as its background. Public-school novels are usually published in waves, at intervals of about twenty years, but this one has come out, so far as my knowledge goes, alone for a season or two. I found it bright, sentimental and authentic. It concerns two brothers, the elder returning from the war to be made both guardian and housemaster to the younger. Andrew, the master, is a moralising bore, desperately anxious to do the right thing by everyone. Simon, the boy, is a charmer; sophisticated, clever, and yet having a most endearing innocence. Andrew handles him with *gant glacé*, but does not avoid causing him a good deal of misery and perplexity. Andrew, against his will, becomes engaged to a dreary young woman, the headmaster's daughter, and Simon thinks that the trouble and expense he causes his brother are preventing him from marrying. There is a sinister character called Fischer who is supposed to be Simon's tutor, but specialises in giving him too much to drink, keeping him up till one o'clock in the morning and generally persuading him to play Old Harry both with the school rules and Andrew's feelings. A solution is found when Simon nearly dies of pneumonia and everything gets a bit Dean Farrar before Andrew finds a new girl friend and the book ends on a rather gay note. I enjoyed it.

★

CLOUDS IN THE WIND.
By F. L. Green. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

I SEE no harm in a novelist amusing himself with a little symbolism or hidden significance or what not, providing it does not spoil the story, and it is certainly not Mr. Green's fault if a great deal more has been read into his novel than he put there. It is, in fact, straightforward enough—the story of a man in love with his wife and separated from her by circumstances, who pursues his love with a resolution that he is unable to apply to anything else, and who, after all the traditional obstacles and dangers here given highly modern aspects, is at last successful so that he can reflect: "There is nothing to impede us from embarking again. The years that divided us have returned us to each other." It is in describing the obstacles and dangers that Mr. Green shows his strength. The episodes through which Frank Chester passes, filmic, melodramatic even, are written with real power, and the mysterious Charlie and the men and women he employs and watches are to the reader, painfully real. I see in this no more than a really exciting yarn—but why should one want more?

Books in Brief

DAY OF GLORY.
By René Behaine. (*Allen and Unwin ; 10s. 6d.*)

One book from the formidable novel sequence *L'Histoire d'une Société* by a writer who has inevitably and justly been compared with Proust.

✻

PRAIRIAL.
By Laura Talbot. (*Macmillan ; 9s. 6d.*)

This novel of Edwardian days opens with a woman putting on her diamonds for a tenants' ball, which reminded me of a Douglas Byng number. But it gets better in a nervous, restless sort of way.

✻

KNIGHT WITH ARMOUR.
By Alfred Duggan. (*Faber ; 12s. 6d.*)

Eleventh-century novel of a crusade. "The author," we are told by the publishers in a particularly silly blurb, "is an experienced horseman who has studied the armour of the period." Who cares? What matters is that he is a good writer who can make little everyday incidents significant and interesting.

✻

DOUCE.
By Elisabeth Kyle. (*Peter Davies ; 9s. 6d.*)

I remember with pleasure this author's *Mally Lee*, but this attempt to re-write the story of Mary Queen of Scots as a nineteenth-century drama is less successful.

✻

CAMELLIA.
By Helen Henry. (*Collins ; 8s. 6d.*)

Inscrutable oriental in an Australian family a century ago. A clever first novel.

Photographed by Ian Gilchrist.

VISTA . . . of the placid waters off the little village of Garelochhead, Dumbartonshire, looking westward over the anchorage off the pier on the right, and beyond to the rugged hills of "Argyll's Bowling Green."

CHECK

From the painting by F. Matania, R.I.

KMATE!

David Wright

STILL WRIGHT!

RADIO.—Douglas Cleverdon : For his charming and effective radio version of Harold Nicolson's *Lambert Orme*.

Frederick Laws

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

SCREEN.—Jeremy Spenser, a sparkling and teachable child, with a fine musical ear, who picked up the tricks of a mature conductor so quickly in *Prelude to Fame* that one of the best orchestras in the world is not ashamed to play, ostensibly, under his bâton.

C A Lejeune

STAGE.—E. Martin Browne, the producer : For his impeccable handling (here at least all agree) of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* at the New Theatre.

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—Rose Macaulay, in welcome to her first novel for ten years : *The World My Wilderness*.

J. C. Trewin at the Theatre

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

(New)

IT may be malicious of me to suppose that if this play had been written by an unknown dramatist, and performed in one of the "test-tube" theatres of the outer ring, not much more would have been heard of it. I have listened to it twice with attention and read it diligently, and still I cannot persuade myself that T. S. Eliot is a natural dramatist, or that his "comedy" is going to burn like a beacon across the plains of modern drama. He is earnest enough, and he has taken infinite care to tell us, in a framework of drawing-room comedy, that we must search our hearts and choose for ourselves the way of life that is truly ours. Honesty is the Best Policy. Yes, indeed; but why dress up a copybook maxim in this manner? There are glints of wit and some sharp phrases, but the piece, though written in tic-tac verse, has little poetry. The eight or nine lines that suddenly light the stage in the last scene are by Shelley, spoken by the Earth to Prometheus in the first act of *Prometheus Unbound.* There it is: I am probably a Philistine, but for me three minutes of *Julius Cæsar* at Stratford-upon-Avon on the previous night had more splendour, excitement and importance than the two-hours-and-a-half of psychiatry rampant at the New Theatre.

By now most people will have heard of the problems that are resolved between one cocktail-party and the next (two years later) by a small Salvation Army headed by a Harley Street visitant. (Why do we laugh in these days at *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*?) Rex Harrison endows the man with a charming smile, but cannot make us believe for a moment—as Alec Guinness so nearly did at Edinburgh—that he has any extraordinary wisdom. Margaret Leighton expresses the last quiet determination of the girl Celia, though I remember still the steady eyes of Irene Worth. Ian Hunter's Chamberlayne, at the New, has more weight than Robert Flemyng's; Alison Leggatt, who is now the Lavinia, fails to register with me. Other parts are ably done, especially that of Julia, the least plausible of the three guardian angels. Martin Browne's production remains mirror-polished. But the play? No doubt it will be fashionable. It may lift many hearts. In suggesting, from an Opposition bench, that it is a cloudy affair without poetic gleam, I am quite ready to be answered by someone, in the words, more or less, of the play's third speech: *"My dear John! It's perfectly hopeless. You haven't been listening."* To which I shall reply, also in a phrase from the play: *"I'm sorry. Of course it was really a very nice party. For everyone but me."*

OLD STAGERS

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (Aldwych).
Vivien Leigh presents to us the last stage of an unhappy creature's decline in a New Orleans slum.

TREASURE HUNT (Apollo).
Dame Sybil Thorndike beams from a sedan-chair upon an Irish romp.

LATIN QUARTER 1950 (Casino).
Glossy, spectacular revue, with Vic Oliver.

ON MONDAY NEXT (Comedy).
A farce about a provincial repertory company.

TRAVELLER'S JOY (Criterion).
Yvonne Arnaud, grappling with the currency regulations, is as endearing as she was two years ago.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

MR. GILLIE (Garrick).
James Bridie (author) and Alastair Sim (actor) in partnership again.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE HEIRESS (Haymarket).
Godfrey Tearle and Wendy Hiller in the moving period-piece based on Henry James's "Washington Square."

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM (Lyric).
Another year's run. John Clements and Kay Hammond stroke along Farquhar's late Restoration comedy.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his beautiful Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

THE WAY THINGS GO (Phoenix).
The Lonsdale way is gilded with epigrams (burnished by Ronald Squire), while Glynis Johns and Michael Gough take care of the plot.

HARVEY (Piccadilly).
Leslie Henson and friend, the invisible white rabbit, adorn Mary Chase's farcical fantasy.

VENUS OBSERVED (St. James's).
A dance of words with which Sir Laurence Olivier has opened his St. James's season, and Christopher Fry has increased his fame.

CASTLE IN THE AIR (Savoy).
Alan Melville has Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne to shoot the arrows of an ingenious light comedy.

OKLAHOMA ! (Stoll).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Whitehall).
The Whitehall phenomenon. R. F. Delderfield's joke about billeted airmen was produced on December 3, 1945, and still runs cheerfully.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

PRESENT STAGE

A scene from the Stratford-upon-Avon production of *Julius Cæsar.* (L. to R.) Harry Andrews as Brutus, John Gielgud as Cassius, Anthony Quayle as Mark Antony, Andrew Cruickshank as Cæsar, Barbara Jefford as Calpurnia, and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Portia.

"JULIUS CÆSAR." Early in Shakespeare's tragedy, Caius Cassius has the simple words, "The torrent roared." A week after the Stratford-upon-Avon production, they continue to sound in my mind and to throw up for me a picture of the gusty winter day, Tiber in spate, and two swimmers in the angry flood. All too few speakers of Shakespeare have the power to create these pictures. Often the verse is delivered flatly. It drops with the plump of wet wool: one hears the words without taking the sense. It is not so at Stratford while John Gielgud holds the stage. Here a fine actor is back in blaze. Listen to Gielgud's urgent declamation in the first act of *Cæsar,* and you may ask yourself why his power to present a warrior, a man of action, has so long been doubted. This Cassius is a full-bodied and also a subtle performance. Gielgud, in the words of another play, presents "the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind"; here he and not Brutus is the noblest Roman, and when Cassius dies a great light has faded. Only the Quarrel Scene, mistakenly produced, I feel, is a relative failure.

Some of the other performances are not so happy. Harry Andrews's Brutus has a fine presence but less authority. He is not the man to whom the "faction" would have turned as to a natural leader. Nothing becomes him like his death scene which is truly poignant. Anthony Quayle, who both plays Mark Antony and shares the production with Michael Langham, stirs the crowd more deeply than he stirs me. Indeed, the Forum scene, for all its clamour and surge, comes off less well than I have known it on other and less important occasions. Quayle is most kindling when he apostrophises the dead Cæsar. As the dictator himself, Andrew Cruickshank has a massive and, at the same time, a failing dignity: you know, when you look at the man, that "great Cæsar" is near his end. This is excellent; so, too, is Michael Gwynn's wry-lipped Casca, and I like Alan Badel (Octavius) and Robert Shaw's "messenger from Antony" in his few lines immediately after the murder. Portia is a striking little part; Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies has not yet fully developed it. The production is clear and swift, and Warwick Armstrong's sets are pleasant, though I heard one note of surprise that Rome so much resembled the National Liberal Club. When all is said, the evening is Gielgud's—first and last.

★

DOROTHY LAMOUR. One by one the stars shoot from the cinema screen and twinkle for a few weeks upon the Palladium stage. The latest arrival is Dorothy Lamour, who for many of us shines eternally over the South Seas. She is clearly a charming soul; she faced a limp Thursday matinée audience on a sizzling day with all imaginable courage. ("That ought to be a good joke," she murmured into the silence. "Bob Hope wrote it.") She has a bright eye and she can laugh at the films and at herself; but, for the most part, she is content to stand decoratively at the Palladium microphone and sing to us in her discreet voice. It has been agreeable to meet her. . . . Next, please!

NEXT STAGE

"Carousel," *the long-awaited Broadway musical, comes to Drury Lane on June 7 (with Oklahoma ! transferring to the Stoll on May 29). Its record is three years in New York and now still on tour. Like Oklahoma !, it is an outcome of the famous Rodgers-Hammerstein partnership; it has, however, an entirely different, strongly dramatic type of story. Set in the period 1873-1888, there is a fairground setting for some of the many scenes. Agnes de Mille has arranged the ballet; an Anglo-American cast of around a hundred is led by American stars Iva Withers, Stephen Douglass and Eric Mattson.*

"Macbeth" *will be Alec Clunes' 100th production at the Arts Theatre since he took over its management in 1942. He himself will take the part of Macbeth, with Margaret Rawlings as Lady Macbeth. Due on June 8, after a week at Cambridge.*

"Golden City," *a musical romance of the South African Gold Rush, comes to the Adelphi on June 15. Written and composed by a young South African actor, John Toré, it is set in Cape Town and Johannesburg in the 1880's. In the cast are American revue and cabaret artist Norman Lawrence, singer Muriel Brunskill, and comedienne Eleanor Summerfield. Choreography by Robert Helpmann; décor by Audrey Cruddas.*

"Ace of Clubs," *Noel Coward's new musical play, comes to the West End after a short tour which opened last week in Manchester. In addition to songs and dancing, it has a dramatic story set in a night-club in present-day London. Pat Kirkwood has the feminine lead, with Graham Payn and a cast of sixty.*

"The Merchant of Venice" *will replace* The Winter's Tale *at Regent's Park Open Air Theatre on June 19. Producer Robert Atkins will be seen as Shylock, Ruth Lodge as Portia, Aubrey Woods as Bassanio and Judith Stott as Nerissa.*

"Seagulls Over Sorrento," *by Hugh Hastings, tells a story about a group of sailors stationed on a small island off the Scottish coast. The all-male cast includes Ronald Shiner, William Hartnell and Bernard Lee. Should be seen in London towards the end of next month.*

Jack Benny, *top-ranking American radio star, together with Phil Harris and Rochester, will be at the Palladium for three weeks from June 19.*

"Deadlock," *by Leslie Sands, is a Grand Guignol styled thriller with all the ingredients of suspense, villainy and large-scale poisoning. Freda Jackson and Mervyn Johns have the leading parts, and Peter Dearing directs. In our last issue we incorrectly stated that Deadlock would come to the Comedy Theatre on May 16; it is, however, still touring and will be at Leeds next week. In fact, On Monday Next, at the Comedy, celebrates its first anniversary on June 1, and we wish it many happy returns.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

ROSEMARY PENNY, for her equestrian prowess in the three-year-old class.

THEY say of three-year-old Rosemary Penny that she is Britain's youngest rider. While this could well be challenged, nothing can disprove the fact that she's won a lot of trophies—22 rosettes and 11 cups. Her oddly appropriate address: The Three Horseshoes, Laleham, Middlesex.

STEVEN KETCHUM, for giving the rules the go-by, and getting too close to his target.

THIS two-and-a-half-year-old American has his own camera, and tries to snap everything he sees. This time he's got a worthy but outsize model—judging by comparative bulk—in a magnificent guardsman on duty outside Buckingham Palace. Steven is in England on holiday with his parents from Wiesbaden in the U.S. Zone of Germany.

GORDON RICHARDS, for being world champion jockey, and the first in the history of racing to ride 4000 winners.

IN thirty years Gordon Richards, riding in 18,478 races, has won 4000 of them—the 4000th on *Abernant* at Sandown on May 4. In 1943 he passed Fred Archer's 1886 record of 2748 winners; and in 1946 Sam Heapy's record of 3000. Since 1933 Gordon has held the world record of 12 consecutive winners, and in the last twenty-five years he has been champion jockey 22 times. His record has not been approached in any country.

DANNY KAYE, for being a Yank of mettle, who tried to steal Scots' thunder on their own ground.

EBULLIENT comedian Danny Kaye has really, to use a drinking term, gone one over the eight. In the Scots' own country he seized from a Scottish head a Scottish bonnet, crammed it on his own, and with twinkling feet did his best to dance a reel. This is going just a wee bit too far, Danny! It happened in Glasgow, when he went up to see the Glasgow Rangers *v.* Celtic match. Round about him are members of the Glasgow Police Band.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

JEAN SIMMONS,

For being the First Lady of the British Screen for 1949.

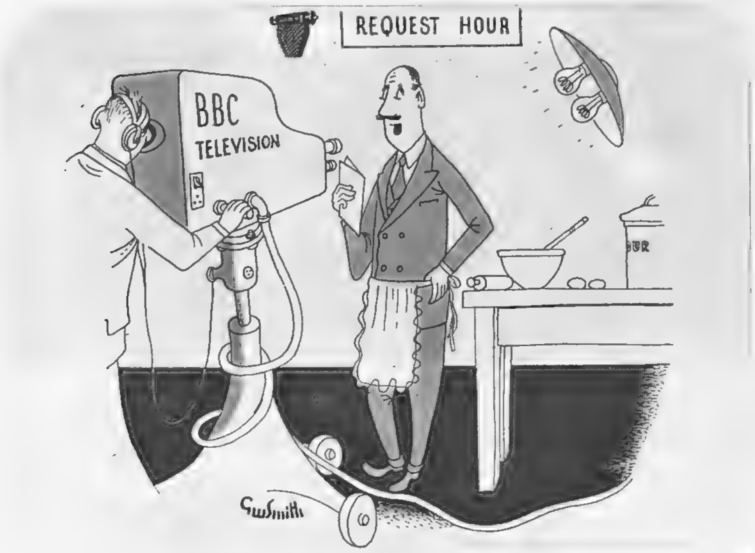
THE votes of cinema-goers themselves place Jean Simmons in the first flight for 1949, awarding her the National Film trophy of the Silver Star for the most outstanding performance by a British actress during the year. The Star will be presented to her to-day, May 24, at the Dorchester. Her new film, *So Long at the Fair*, is due for its première at the Leicester Square Theatre on June 1. Co-starring is Dirk Bogarde.

Photographed by CORNEL LUCAS.

Second of the trio of plays produced by Fred O'Donovan, *The Eternal Triangle*, had a cast of four. In addition to the husband, wife and lover (Graeme Muir, Sonia Dresdel and Griffith Jones), announcer Macdonald Hobley (top) offered possible solutions to the tangle.

In June 1914 *The Sketch* "took off its hat to" Dr. A. M. Low, the virtual inventor of Television—"for enabling us to see the chief's face when we 'phone we are too ill to come to business." He had been lecturing on his new telephone which showed the face 'at the other end.'

New and strange light was shed on a debauched tyrant and his bloodthirsty court in Mary Stocks' comedy, *Hail, Nero*. Michael Medwin played the part in a new way as an honest, simple-minded young Emperor, who nicknames his Empress Poppæa (Jane Barrett), "Poppy."



"For his wife, Ada, on their first anniversary, B.F. of Balham requests a demonstration of elementary cookery."

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

AN apple, falling from a tree, bonked Newton on the head, and the law of gravity was born. Watt boiled a sealed kettle until it went off, bang, since when steam engines have been clanking away steadily at their various functions. Fleming found that a culture of bacteria, about which he had forgotten, had gone mouldy: the result was penicillin and the saving of millions of lives. At the back of nearly every great invention you will find some intriguing little story—the sort of story which seems to be quite indispensable to those who produce biographies of the famous, children's encyclopædias, and films dealing with the lives of the great scientists. The birth of television is no exception, and we thought it might be of interest to record it in these pages.

It is nearly forty years since Professor A. M. Low sat down, with a bump, on the end of his bed. At the other end on the thick eiderdown was a piece of paper with a pencil lying on it. Those are two items he always has near him, since he is an inveterate note-maker. Low chanced to notice that the act of sitting down had caused the pencil to wobble and make a mark on the paper. His scientific mind was not slow to grasp what had happened. A wave of energy had travelled through the eiderdown from his body to the pencil. Then his thoughts posed him an exciting question: would it not be possible, then, to transmit handwriting, or even pictures, by wireless? He would see.

It was not until the summer of 1914 that Low had progressed sufficiently from his eiderdown to be able to give a working demonstration of television to the Institute of Automobile Engineers. It caused quite a stir, and on his return home Low found a crowd of reporters waiting for him. His "press" was mixed, and the general inclination was to take the matter fairly lightheartedly. As you see in an accompanying picture, we of *The Sketch* took off our hat to him, tongue in cheek. Another paper ran a cartoon of a butcher holding up a joint of beef in his shop, for the housewife to inspect at home. The *Times* included a prophecy, interesting in the light of present-day tendencies, which we beg leave to quote.

Ibsen's *The Master Builder* was produced by Royston Morley with a strong cast, among them Roger Livesey as the ambitious and hearty architect, and Catherine Lacey as his ageing fiend of a wife.

Deep Are the Roots, a play about the colour bar in the Southern States, presents a problem but no solution. Joyce Heron and Frances Hyland play Senator Langdon's daughters. Also in the cast is Patrick Barr.

". . . If all goes well with this invention, we shall soon be able, it seems, to see people at a distance. Whether Dr. Low will be regarded in the future as a benefactor or the opposite depends upon something more than the degree to which the business will be mismanaged by the Government Department that will certainly absorb it so soon as private enterprise and capital shall have made of it a going concern. . . ." (May 30, 1914.)

In telling us this story, Professor Low was most insistent that he has no wish to usurp any of the credit that has so rightly gone to Baird. "Baird and I actually worked together on television some years later—I think it was round about 1918," he said. "We became great friends. But I switched my attention to other things, while he plodded solidly on, with the magnificent result we see to-day."

We would like to associate ourselves with that tribute.

THE results which emanate from "Ally Pally," however, are not always so magnificent. The period under review began most unfortunately with what was described as a comedy by Mary Stocks, called *Hail, Nero.* If the authoress considered that merely to take an historical theme like the activities of Nero which led to the burning of Rome, pack it full of anachronisms and modern allusions, but omit the inclusion of any other wit, would produce a brilliant comedy as an answer, she was sadly mistaken. The answer was a tiresome bore and the joke wore thin with alarming rapidity. The performances, apart from that of Michael Medwin as Nero, were neither good enough nor bad enough to merit comment. As for Mr. Medwin ——! In our *Radio Times* he was quoted as having said that Nero would be rather a change from some of the tough parts he has been playing in films. It was indeed, it was indeed. Was it necessary, however, to go quite to the other extreme ?

The following evening our spirits rose again, because we were given a touch of the artistry television is capable of pulling out of the bag. We are referring to *The Eve of St. Agnes*—a dance-drama based on Keats' poem. Seeing this brought home once again the lesson that television is a completely separate medium of entertainment and will increasingly have to be treated as such. In this case producer Christian Simpson, choreographer Celia Franca, designer Stephen Bundy and composer John Lanchbery formed a team which achieved wonderful results. We had, for some time, held the opinion that the future of ballet, in television, lay more in mime than in intricate choreographical effects. This production amply vindicated it. The mime play is obviously on its way back, and we welcome the neglected wanderer. Svetlana Beriosova and John Byron were excellent in the leading rôles.

Royston Morley's production of Ibsen's *The Master Builder* was another occasion of considerable distinction. The action in an Ibsen play is never very brisk, and an enormous strain is thrown upon the players to obtain and hold the audience's interest in pages of talk. In the hands of Roger Livesey, the master builder was safe enough. And to that tiresome Hilda Wangel, Adina Mandlova brought a freshness and sincerity that was quite disarming. Nor must we omit our appreciation of Catherine Lacey as the wretched Mrs. Solness—a fiend of a part to play.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Czech actress Adina Mandlova, for her performance as Hilda Wangel in *The Master Builder*. To learn English, in two years, well enough to hold her own with a cast of native stars, is an achievement in itself. But she also showed our English actresses a fresh approach to Ibsen's difficult heroine.

HOW lucky we are, in this country, not to have a Colour Problem. *Deep Are the Roots*, by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, which opened the second week, showed us clearly enough how poignant this question, which poisons the social structure of the Southern States of America, can be. A young coloured man comes home from the war—a hero—full of emancipated ideas about the right of a Negro to be treated as a human being, and falls in love with the white younger daughter of the house. She is equally in love with him. A simple enough situation. But in the deep South it brings forth a storm in which normally decent men and women become hideous in the defence of their ingrained prejudices. Top acting honours go to a fine cast, headed by Finlay Currie, Gordon Heath and Joyce Heron, but our discriminating homage is directed at Ian Atkins for his brilliant handling of the players and the use of the cameras.

We could write in the same vein about "Triple Bill," a programme of three one-act plays ; also of the second of the "Such is Life" series, in which Alexandra Palace pulled its own leg in the most glorious manner. But space is getting short. We must, however, squeeze in a tribute to a documentary, in film form, about the Elgin Marbles. Surely no tourist, no visitor to the British Museum, ever had a chance to absorb these exquisite Greek sculptures so thoroughly and in such detail as the television viewer did on that occasion ? Might we have a repeat, please ?

" LAST HOLIDAY "—written and partly produced by J. B. Priestley, is not an easy film to interpret but one that should be seen. The cast, with Alec Guinness in the lead, is beautifully chosen. In picture, Alec Guinness (left) is consulting his doctor, played by Ronald Simpson.

" PRELUDE TO FAME."—The high spot of this modest little film about a boy conductor is the complete concert performance of the " Oberon " overture gloriously played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Seen above is Guy Rolfe (left), with Jeremy Spenser, the child musician.

THE CINEMA

*

REVIEWS . . . by C. A. LEJEUNE

" LAST HOLIDAY." There is no checking the flow of J. B. Priestley's ebullient output. Whatever happens to his last piece, he keeps coming back with another. Although I cannot avoid the suspicion that everything he writes, short of a bit of near-genius like *The Good Companions* and *Johnson Over Jordan*, will most fully justify itself in the long run as a useful play for amateurs, I can't help admiring a sociological passion that drives him to try, over and over again, to tell people how they can live in such a way as to make the majority happy. Fellowship is his faith, and it isn't at all a bad one, even though opinions may differ sharply about the way to attain it.

In *Last Holiday*, which Mr. Priestley wrote specially for the screen and helped to produce, fellowship is the dominant message. A very ordinary young man, employed in a very ordinary job as a salesman, learns that he has only a few weeks to live. He decides to spend them at a luxury hotel, where he is regarded as a Mystery Man, like the stranger in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. Like his predecessor, too, he immediately begins to influence the lives and characters of his fellow-residents. Rich, idle or unhappy people find themselves playing across type in the most extraordinary ways. There is a strike among the staff, and under the influence of the Mystery Man, the guests unite in a firm body to run the hotel. In fellowship their best qualities appear. They become almost human : they qualify for a place in Mr. Priestley's commonwealth. And then the young man is killed in an accident. The unifying bond is snapped. The guests revert to type. The old vices reappear.

What is Mr. Priestley really getting at in *Last Holiday*, beyond the old Musketeers' motto : " One for all, and all for one " ? I don't know, although I have a shrewd suspicion that he is slanting an after-glance at the solidarity of the British people at war. Mr. Priestley may be a clear thinker, but he is not a conspicuously clear interpreter. He is, however, a first-class reporter of the way people talk and behave in the everyday course of life, and he has a shrewd-enough sense of theatre to see that his actors interpret this behaviour honestly. The cast, from Alec Guinness onwards, is beautifully chosen, and everything about the film confirms the sense of a good mind behind it. The Industry, I understand, is absurdly shy of *Last Holiday*. It isn't by any means an easy film to evaluate ; but *that*, to the intelligent customer, should make it all the more a film to see.

•

" PRELUDE TO FAME." The British film, *Prelude to Fame*, is, on the whole, a modest little work, which should not have cost a great deal to produce, and doesn't involve the services of any outstandingly celebrated stars ; yet it will stick in the mind, I believe, long after better-fancied pictures have been forgotten.

The subject has been taken from an Aldous Huxley short story called *Young Archimedes*. It is about a child prodigy : an Italian peasant's son, whose natural ear for music is developed by a rich Englishwoman for her own ends : who becomes a world-famous conductor, and finally breaks down under the strain. I am glad to say that the story has a happy ending ; not logical under the circumstances, perhaps, but clearly what the audience hopes for.

Prelude to Fame is a curiously uneven work. Some of the dialogue is so absurd, and some of the acting so wooden, that at times one almost despairs of it. The opening scenes are particularly discouraging, with improbable adults exchanging improbable remarks in an artless attempt to establish plot and character. For instance :

MR. HENRY OSCAR (*speaking of Mr. Guy Rolfe, a philosopher*) : " He 's the Englishman who is confidently expected to win a Nobel Prize."

MISS KATHLEEN BYRON : " That means he must be good."

Once the child and the music take charge, however, *Prelude to Fame* turns into a very different thing. In Jeremy Spenser, hitherto unknown on the screen, they have found a boy who can do something quite unusual in child actors : suggest a character driven by an intellectual compulsion. That he has learnt to mimic brilliantly the motions and mannerisms of a conductor is not so remarkable, for children are born imitators. That he has *thought* himself so deeply into the mind of a conductor that the joy of the work, and the nervous anguish, show in every line of his face, is a very different matter. The high spot of the film, for instance, is a complete concert performance of the " Oberon " overture. It is gloriously played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and young Master Spenser, with his bâton, appears to be in full control of the situation. It is in the highest degree unlikely that Master Spenser could really conduct the " Oberon " overture in such masterly fashion ; the main thing is that he convinces *us* that he could.

The boy has been wonderfully coached by music director Muir Mathieson, a fine, musicianly Scotsman to whom British films owe a long debt of gratitude. Mr. Mathieson's score, from Neapolitan ballad to Weber, to Bach, to the " Eroica," to the " Prince Igor " dances, has been worked out with a skill and balance that will delight the discerning listener. This, and the boy's performance, is class stuff in an otherwise indifferent film.

FILMS IN BRIEF

" THE BIG LIFT."—Arresting American film, made in Berlin, with Montgomery Clift, Paul Douglas, German actresses Cornell Borchers and Bruni Löbel, with a supporting cast of American air-lift personnel and German civilians. Subject : the education of two airmen, one of whom trusts the Germans too much, the other too little. Message : reasonable compromise. Very finely acted, with effective use of genuine backgrounds.

" BERLINER BALLADE."—German variation on the same theme of life in post-war Berlin ; following, with a satirical eye, the mishaps of an unpretentious ex-soldier who tries to live without " fiddling." As a comedy idea, it leaves a sourish taste in the mouth ; as a piece of film craftsmanship, it engages attention.

" NO MAN OF HER OWN."—Facile Hollywood weepie about two pregnant women involved in a train smash. One dies : the other (Barbara Stanwyck), for the sake of her illegitimate child, takes her place in a rich, comfortable and ridiculously trustful home, thereby laying herself wide open to blackmail.

" CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN."—Clifton Webb and Myrna Loy in a potentially funny sketch of an Edwardian paterfamilias, who combines the study of business efficiency with the rearing of a large brood. A few select moments, but on the whole a disappointing vehicle for a comedian of Mr. Webb's talent.

" CHAMPAGNE FOR CÆSAR."—Misconceived Hollywood skit on American television " quiz " programmes, with Ronald Colman, who is getting too big a boy for this sort of caper.

" CHANCE OF A LIFETIME."—Bernard Miles in a politically-tilted comedy about a factory that is successfully taken over by the workers. Honest, zealous and well-meaning, but about as stimulating to trudge through as the Tottenham Court Road.

. . . AND PREVIEWS

"THE SKETCH" forms an integral part of the plot of Ealing Studios' latest film, *Cage of Gold*. The story is a dramatic one. David Farrar plays the part of Bill, the "villain" of the piece, with Jean Simmons as Judith, his wife. Picture shows Bill at a newspaper kiosk in Paris, buying our magazine, in which he chances upon a photograph of his wife and child whom he has abandoned some time ago. Judith, believing her husband to be dead, has married again and, in this, Bill sees the opportunity for blackmail. From then onwards the film works up to a powerful climax. Produced by Sir Michael Balcon, directed by Basil Dearden, and due to be seen in London in early autumn.

It has made me extremely happy to meet the British people on my first visit to your lovely country. Let me convey my best wishes to the readers of the "Sketch" —
Sincerely,
Dottie Lamour
John Worsley 50

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON IN
tiered taffeta . . .
Roecliff & Chapman
WHOLESALE COUTURIERS · 19 GROSVENOR STREET · MAYFAIR · W.1

NEW RÔLE FOR RICHARD GREENE

ANTHONY HAVELOCK-ALLAN'S new romantic film, *Shadow of the Eagle*, shortly to be seen in London, was specially written for the screen by Jacques Companeez, and has the Russia of the Empress Catherine for background. Playing Count Alexei Orloff, Richard Greene has Valentina Cortese opposite to him as Elizabeth, Princess Tarakanova. Binnie Barnes is the Empress. Plymouth-born Richard Greene was first spotted by a talent scout when playing a leading part in the stage play, *While the Sun Shines*, at Oxford. [Photographed by CURTIS REEKS]

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2

This year it's SHANTUNG . . .

TOP of the bill this summer is Shantung, and what more delightful to dress up in than this crisp, cool, formal fabric? The colours are crisp and cool too—in the lead are the beiges, from putty right down to caramel; there are whites and lots of misty greys and a very new French navy. The clothes selected for you here are all simple, tailored, good clothes; the kind that take accessories well; the kind that can't go wrong.

3

4

2 *Spectator's refreshing natural-coloured shantung coat, cut squarely like a man's with an important half belt and a flap at the back. At Madame Mikla, Wigmore Street.*

3 *A fine example of this season's fashionable dust coat in almost white shantung. Utterly simple, loose, with tabbed pockets and sleeves. A handsome coat for afternoons or Ascot, by Spectator at Harrods.*

4 *Spectator's cool summer suit immaculately cut in lime-coloured shantung, with the new low revers. At Mackay Couture, South Audley Street.*

The Odd Half-Page

THE EASTNEY BALL GAME

A Reminiscence by Ian Coster

IT was a mature, gentlemanly game, devoid of incidents and rowdiness. And it had so much to recommend it; it could be played in any good-sized drawing-room, by any number of players. Also, it was economical—except on skin, clothing and beer.

Of course, it was the product of serious, intelligent minds. About the time of the game's birth, venerable Eastney Barracks of the Royal Marines had the fortune to hold some elderly (H.O.) responsible junior subalterns—as well as the usual crop of wild youngsters. To some of us—the men who were hoping that life began at forty—Mess existence was full of repression, Freudian and otherwise.

Why! there was an imaginary line in the ante-room, and no junior officer could step across it, unless bidden by a senior. And, on Friday night, guest night, ruthless formality drove the grizzled-headed one-pippers down the flanks of the long dining-table to obscurity and introspection, while the orchestra played familiar melodies and Victoria and William IV. gazed impassively down.

It was after one of these wartime guest nights, an especially formal affair for some V.I.P., that the Eastney Ball Game, of which I am proud to be one of the founders, was born almost as complete and perfect as Venus when she emerged from the drink.

We had seen the ante-room cleared of generals, brigadiers, colonels and the starchier majors and captains, and we had managed to get a final ration of beer. Suddenly (just as the trick-cyclists say) our repressions welled up. We found ourselves applying a combination of the principles of rugger, soccer and American football—with a dash of the Eton wall game—to the limits of the ante-room.

Balls made of newspaper, and even cushions, didn't stand up to the strain. Somebody, it may have been Derrick, old 'Quins forward, picked up the hearth broom, unscrewed the handle—and there was the right projectile, heavy enough for a long, lateral pass, and awkward enough to discourage dribbling.

Those present split into two teams. As a kick-off was impracticable, two opposing forwards placed the brush on the floor, grabbed at the same time, and the successful grabber passed it out, American-style, between his legs, to his backs. No rules, no referee were needed. Rugger scoring was adopted, but no team cared whether it won or lost.

Every Friday night at midnight the game continued, and only minor alterations were made to its original conception. Tunics and trousers suffered a little and so, by general assent, the uniform became shoes, socks, underpants and singlets. And, as the bar was often closed abruptly by a senior officer, arrangements were made to have pints of beer on regular order. These were lined up along the right touch-line. It was agreed, without a word being spoken, that no player should force a run down that side.

Some of the beautiful points of the Ball Game were that there were no penalties, no disputes and no ill-feeling. As an uproar at that time of night might have attracted attention, the game was played in enthusiastic silence (except for an occasional groan). The fact that the younger fry had gone off to bed, of course, eliminated any suggestion of horseplay.

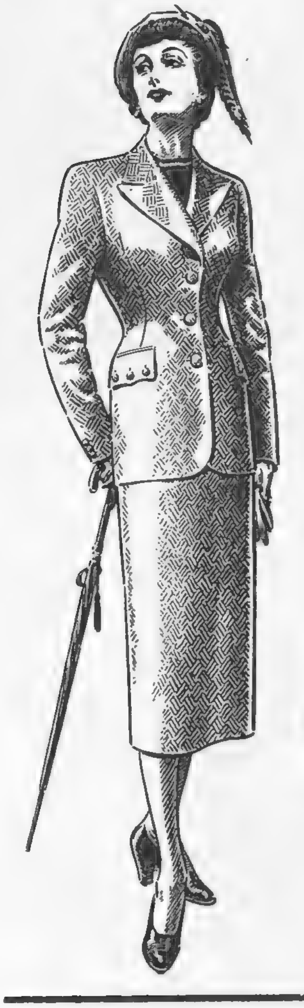
I must emphasise the seriousness of this weekly game. Any observer would have realised the gravity of the occasion if he could have seen a dozen men stripping themselves of blue or khaki at midnight, and preparing for the struggle.

Occasionally we fielded a captain or two, and one of the staunchest defence men was the Prof., acting major, whose artificial leg did not prevent him from stopping a fair percentage of ugly rushes. Whenever he did stop them, a pile of bodies had to be pulled off before the Prof. was recovered, his dummy leg sticking out at an improbable angle. It was quickly adjusted, and he was planted on his pins again, the gamest of Eastney gamesters.

I can't remember that anybody was killed—or that many bones were broken. I cracked an elbow by being bounced on the floor, and it developed a habit of ballooning up. No, no; I'm sure that nobody was maimed, not permanently, anyway.

The last game we played, before most of us went off to other jobs, ended in slight disaster. I was galloping down the line (the legal line, opposite the beer), when Derrick took me amidships, and our combined weight, about twenty-six stones, brushed a table. Fragmentation was complete. No cabinet-maker was capable of putting the jig-saw together. Result: a dead loss, an official probe and an expensive chip-in.

It was then conveyed to us that the Eastney Ball Game was banned. And that, I have always considered, is one of the great tragedies of the world of sport. It was such a beautiful game, quiet and earnest, yet good-natured and gay—just the thing for the middle-aged.



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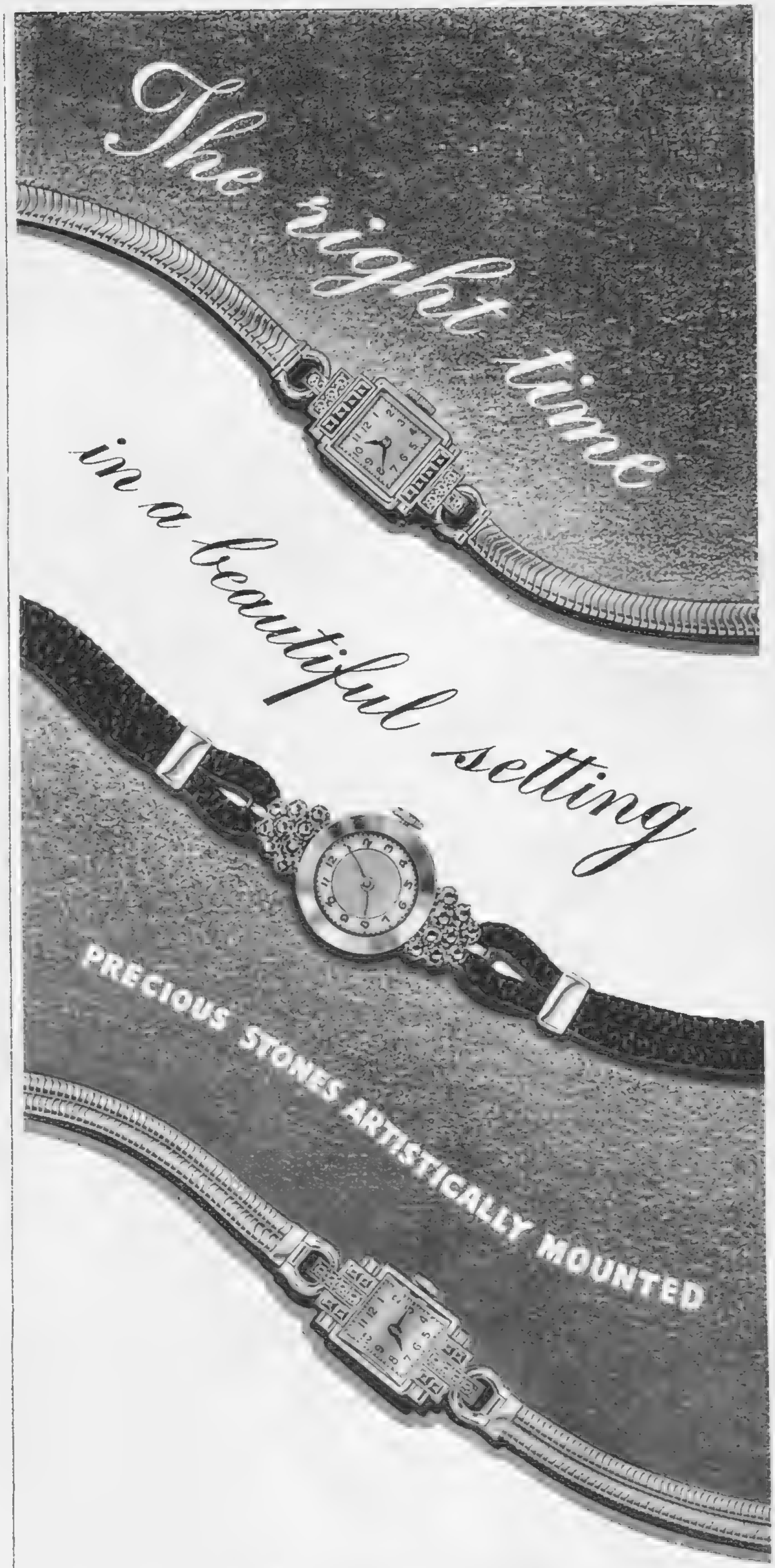

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GUIDE TO GAIETY

★

In Case You Are Going to the Theatre and Film Carnival

ALL the fun of the fair is what Noel Coward, Harry Alan Towers, and their hench-stars promise at the Theatre and Film Carnival (it used to be the Theatrical Garden Party) at Roehampton Club on June 2 and 3.

Actors and actresses are seldom available to help their own charities, for they are usually too busy appearing on behalf of other people's. But at Roehampton they will be "dragging" for the Actors' Orphanage Fund, which Sir Henry Irving inaugurated in 1903, and which is almost entirely supported by this annual function.

It will be an unusual joy to see Noel Coward (president of the Fund since 1935) garbed as a circus ringmaster, top-hatted, white-gloved and in the "pink." Can he crack a whip? The company he has been rehearsing for the last six weeks say "Yes"—and some add "And how!"

Noel may have trouble with the horses. If the Crazy Gang carry out their threat to provide the clowning he may have more trouble still: Bud Flanagan, even disguised as Coco, could be a handful-and-a-half. The devilment of Nervo and Knox would have furlongs of circus rope, especially if they performed their famous slow-motion all-in wrestling match.

The glory of modern women's hair-do's, frocks and hats will have a full innings. The "Theatre of Fashion," medium of modern models, is designed to display and display. Inside the frocks, eminent professional mannequins will mingle with the clothes-conscious stars of two firmaments.

A few tips to those who patronise the Carnival:

When you "fish for fizz" be sure to use the right bait.

In the auction for a Dior frock or any of the models you see on view, use a few words of French. It will go "big" if you call out "Cinquante guineas!"

When Rex Harrison gets into the ring to relieve Noel of his ringmaster duties, there will be an added ingredient in the cocktail. American papers, please copy, in verse!

Irene Dunne is to provide the necessary touch of Hollywood glamour. Watch your step; she 's irresistible.

When I asked Irene about her duties at the Carnival she said: "Well, I 'm no saleswoman at present, but I 've got to get myself good enough to sell damp fog to a blind Indian, so I 'd better get cracking acquiring the technique."

Then there 's Valerie Hobson, of the cartwheel hat, Vivien Leigh, Margaret Leighton, and a host of the theatre leaders of talent and fashion.

If you 're lucky in the Dance Hall you will get a dance with a "starlet." At least a dozen of them will be there to tread a measure to the strains of Cyril Stapleton's Dance Orchestra. Yes, and Cyril in the flesh.

"Cavalcade on Wheels" proclaims the progress made in wheeled vehicles in the last fifty years—that 's if you believe in that kind of progress. Anyhow, there 'll be a penny-farthing bicycle, an old horse-drawn bus, a four-in-hand stage coach that has done the London-Brighton hundreds of times, Lord Monty's desert automobile, and some of the 1950 special models fresh from the works.

A little bird tells me that Sir Ralph Richardson will take a lot of "spotting." This master of make-up may or may not go incognito.

Dame Sybil Thorndike will be there, and Ivor Novello may need a special protective guard to regiment the signature-snatchers.

Yes, it will be first-class fun for a first-class cause, so, Mr. Weather—please!

Prologue by W. Buchanan Taylor; sketches by Vicky, "News Chronicle" Cartoonist.

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WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

LORD ASHTOWN, of Landsdown, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, and OOnah Anne, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Lewis and the Hon. Mrs. GREEN-WILKINSON, of 10, Westminster Mansions, S.W.1.

Lieut.-Cdr. Ian Rochford JOHNSTON, R.N., son of Captain B. L. Johnston, R.N., of Fairfield, Shawford, Winchester, and Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert HARCOURT, of Malwood Walk, Lyndhurst.

James Hirst, son of Sir Henry and Lady DARLINGTON, East End House, Fairford, Glos, and Sylvis Gedda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. FRANKLIN-TAYLOR, of Homestead, Forty Lane, Wembley Park.

Scott Alexander HEATH, M.D., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Paul Heath, of Richmond Beach, Washington, and Lillias Nina, daughter of Brig.-Gen. Rodolph ADLERCRON, of Londonthorpe Hall, Grantham.

Major Charles LAMBTON, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Charles Lambton, and of Mrs. Lambton, of Mortimer, Berks, and Lady Elizabeth FITZMAURICE, daughter of the late Marquess of Lansdowne, and of Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, of 23, Charles Street, W.1.

Captain William BIRKBECK, Coldstream Guards, son of Major H. A. Birkbeck, of West Acre, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. Birkbeck, and the Hon. Mary CROSSLEY, daughter of Lord and Lady Somerleyton.

Richard James, son of Sir George and Lady BOUGHLEY, of Glynde Combe, Glynde, Sussex, and Davina Julia, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert WRIGHT, of Bridgewater House, Grantham.

David, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley WINCH, of Swanington Manor, Norwich, and Anna, daughter of the late Denzil PHILLIPS, and of Mrs. F. Yeats Brown, of 44, Courtfield Gardens.

David Nicholas Goldsmith, son of the late Mr. T. H. DUCKHAM, and of Mrs. Duckham, of 66, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1, and the Hon. Elizabeth Mary LLOYD MOSTYN, daughter of Lord and Lady Mostyn, Mostyn Hall, Flintshire.

SPORT

RACING

May 25.	The Oaks at Epsom.
„ 27.	The Derby at Epsom.
„ 26, 27.	Ayr and Stockton.
„ 29, 30.	Birmingham, Hurst Park and Doncaster.
June 1–3.	Manchester.
„ 2, 3.	Bogside and Kempton.
„ 5, 6.	Lewes.
„ 7, 8.	Brighton.

GENERAL SPORT

ATHLETICS: British Games at White City on May 29; County Athletic Championships, June 3.

CAR RACING: Ulster Trophy Road Races for racing and sports cars on May 27; Goodwood meeting, May 27.

CRICKET: Glamorgan *v.* West Indies at Cardiff on May 27; Oxford Univ. *v.* Free Foresters at Oxford on May 27; England *v.* The Rest (Test Trials) at Bradford on May 31; Lancashire *v.* West Indies at Manchester on June 3; England *v.* West Indies (first Test Match—five days) at Manchester on June 8.

CROQUET: Inter-County Championships, C.A. at Hurlingham Club, from May 29 to June 2; Gold Caskets Croquet Championships, C.A. June 5-10, and the Men's and Women's Championships on June 5 at Hurlingham Club.

GOLF: Amateur Championship at St. Andrews from May 22-27; West of England Professional Championship at Newquay on May 24; Spalding Professional Tournament at Worthing from May 31–June 2; Welsh Professional Championship at Newport on June 7-8.

HORSE SHOWS: London Cart Horse Show in Regent's Park on May 29; Royal Richmond Horse Show from June 8-10.

HORTICULTURAL SHOWS: Chelsea Flower Show from May 24-26.

YACHTING: Irish Cruising Club Channel Race on May 26; R.O.R.C. Harwich to Hook of Holland on May 26 (approx.).

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Favourites

"Oklahoma!" . . . . Drury Lane.
"Traveller's Joy" . . . Criterion.
"The Heiress" . . . . Haymarket.
"Harvey" . . . . Piccadilly.
"Brigadoon" . . . . His Majesty's.
"Worm's Eye View" . . Whitehall.
"Beaux' Stratagem" . . . . Lyric.
"King's Rhapsody" . . . . Palace.
"A Streetcar Named Desire" . . . Aldwych.
"Treasure Hunt" . . . . Apollo.
"Castle in the Air" . . . . Savoy.
"On Monday Next" . . . Comedy.
"Venus Observed" . . St. James's.
"Ring Round the Moon" . Globe.
"Latin Quarter" . . . . Casino.
"Folies Bergère" . . Hippodrome.
"A Lady Mislaid" . . St. Martin's.
"The Way Things Go" . . Phœnix.
"Mr. Gillie" . . . . Garrick.
"The Holly and the Ivy" . Duchess.
"Home at Seven" . . Wyndham's.
"The Green Bay Tree" . Playhouse.
"The Cocktail Party" . . . New.
"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" . . . Strand.

Newcomers

"His Excellency" (Princes)—a new play, with Eric Portman.

"If This Be Error" (Lyric, Hammersmith) — transferred from Bath Festival, with Mary Ellis.

"The Hat Trick" (Duke of York's) —return of Gladys Cooper in Thomas Browne's new comedy, with Basil Sidney and Joy Parker. May 25.

"The Winter's Tale" opens the 1950 Shakespeare season at Regent's Park Open Air Theatre on May 25.

Larry Parks and Betty Garrett at London Palladium. May 29–June 17.

"Carousel" (Drury Lane)—the long-awaited Broadway musical. June 7.

"Macbeth" (Arts)—with Alec Clunes and Margaret Rawlings. June 8.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Igor Markevitch. May 25.

Bach's Mass in B Minor by Massed Schools Choir and Bach Choir. May 27.

Recital by Marian Anderson of songs by Bach, Brahms and others. May 28.

London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Serge Koussevitzky on June 1.

Concert of music by Beethoven in aid of Y.W.C.A. by London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum. Solo pianoforte: Myra Hess. June 2.

London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Norman del Mar. Solo pianoforte: Eileen Joyce, June 4.

OPERA

At Covent Garden: Present opera season ends June 3. A Wagner season begins June 8 to July 1, and includes two cycles of "The Ring" and two performances of "Tristan and Isolde."

At Sadler's Wells: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in an eight-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

BALLET

At Covent Garden: The Sadler's Wells Ballet season continues.

At the Coliseum: International Ballet continues its season until June 3.

Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet has begun its eight-week summer tour.

ART

Burlington House: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

Tate Gallery: Memorial exhibition of William Rothenstein.

Victoria and Albert Museum: "English Art 1660-1750."

Early English Water-Colours at Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond St.

Paintings and sculpture by Degas at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton St.

Works by Leonard Greaves, W. R. Sickert and Mary Kessell at Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

Berthe Morisot, at Matthiesen Gallery, 142, New Bond Street.

Christian Bérard, at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street.

Summer Exhibition at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

1950 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters at Slatter Gallery, 30, Old Bond Street.

SOCIAL

The Theatre and Film Carnival, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, is at Roehampton Club on June 2 and 3. This takes the place of previous Theatrical and Film Garden Parties.

World première of the British film "Odette," which Their Majesties are attending, will be shown at the Plaza Theatre on June 6. The proceeds go to King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses.

The Royal Tournament is at Earl's Court this year, June 8-24. His Majesty has promised to open the jubilee performance on June 7.

The Downside and Ascot Dance will be held at the Dorchester on June 9.

CEREMONY

The Queen attends the Annual Conference of the British Legion, Women's Section, at the Royal Albert Hall, on May 24.

The King and Queen visit Sherborne School on June 1. On June 6 they visit Westminster School, when the King will open a new college building.

Princess Margaret presents prizes at a concert at the Royal Albert Hall to celebrate the 95th birthday of the Y.W.C.A. On June 3 she opens Youth Week at Bethnal Green Town Hall.

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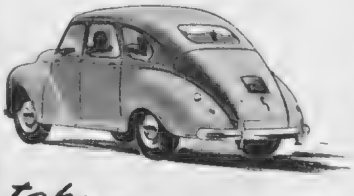

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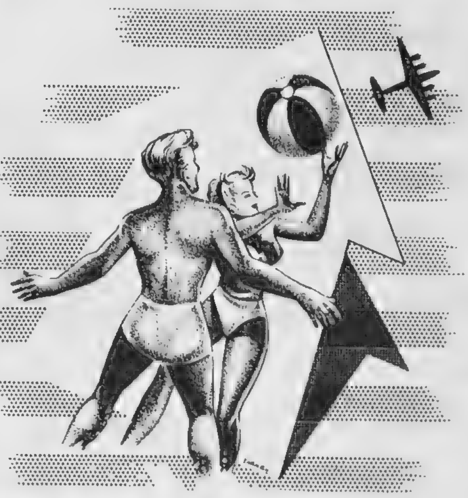

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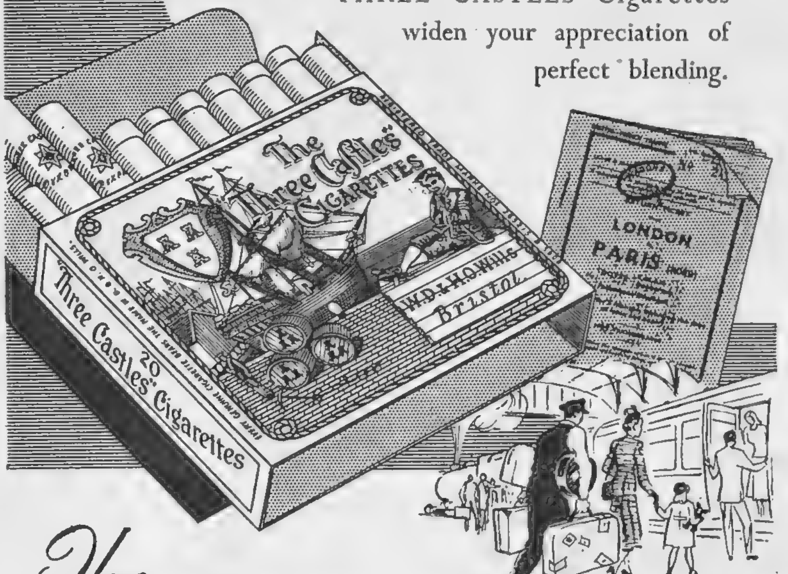

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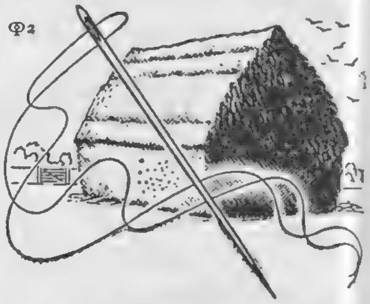

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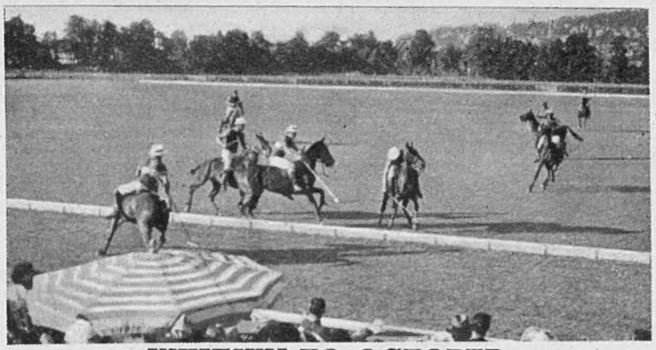

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16th-19th	International Regattas.
19th-20th	Cruiser yacht race Deauville—St. Valery.
21st-23rd	Thion de la Chaume Golf Competition.
25th-26th	Tennis and Golf Competitions between British and French M.P.s.
27th-30th	Deauville Cup at the Sporting Tennis Club. (Races at Clairefontaine during July.)

AUGUST :— Horse Racing, Sale of Yearlings—Polo.

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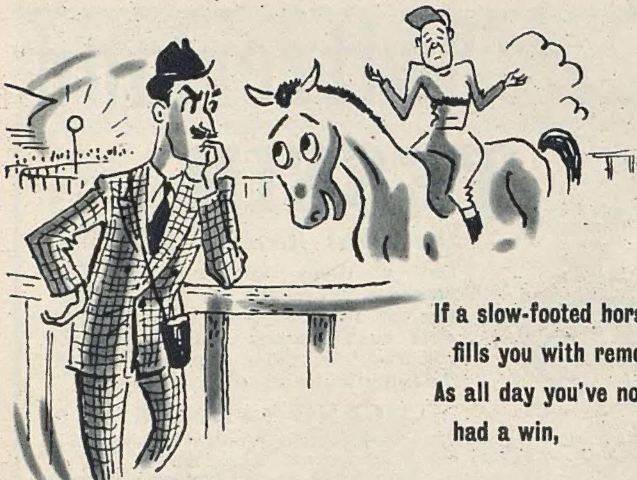

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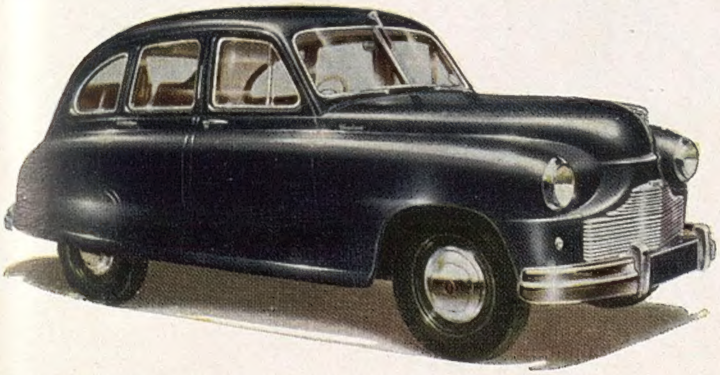

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